



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

TX 428.41 .T945
Turner, Edwin Arthur,
Stories for young children /

Stanford University Libraries



3 6105 04922 5134

TION, STANFORD

FOR CHILDREN

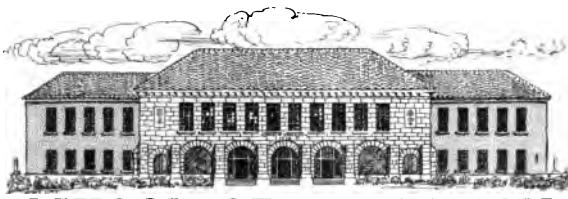


STORIES FOR
YOUNG CHILDREN.

—
TURNER



GINN & COMPANY.



SCHOOL OF EDUCATION
LIBRARY

TEXTBOOK
COLLECTION

STANFORD UNIVERSITY
LIBRARIES



DEPARTMENT OF
EDUCATION
RECEIVED

APR 7 1919

LELAND STANFORD
JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

—

STORIES

FOR

YOUNG CHILDREN.

BY

E. A. TURNER.



BOSTON, U.S.A.:
PUBLISHED BY GINN & COMPANY.
1899.

591313
C

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1884, by
E. A. TURNER,
In the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

TYPOGRAPHY BY J. S. CUSHING & CO., BOSTON, U.S.A.
PRESSWORK BY GINN & CO., BOSTON, U.S.A.

P R E F A C E.

THESE stories are intended to be used as supplementary reading in connection with Second and Third Primary Readers.

The aim has been to make stories sufficiently interesting to hold the attention of a class, and, at the same time, to use language simple enough to be easily read and comprehended by children from six to eight years of age.

Care has been taken with the grading, the shorter and easier stories preceding those more difficult.





THE HUNGRY KITTY.

KITTY is hungry.
What does she want to eat?
She wants a mouse to eat.
Why doesn't she go and catch one?
She is too small.
Her mother will bring her one soon.
When kitty sees her mother she will run
to meet her, and I think she will say, "Did
you catch that mouse for me, mother?"

THE PARROT.

WHAT is that in the cage?
It is a parrot.
Can the parrot talk?
Yes, it can say "Pretty Poll."

Some parrots can say, "Polly wants a cracker."

This parrot is green.

Once I saw a gray parrot with red on its head.

It was a very pretty parrot, but it could not talk.

THE SNOW-MAN.

Soon winter will be here, and the snow will be on the ground.

Then the boys can make snow-balls and snow-houses.

Once some boys made a large snow-man, and put a hat on his head, and a gun in his hand.

But they could not make him shoot anything.

He did not seem to know what the gun was for.

NED'S HOLIDAY.

WHERE are you going, Ned?
I am going down to the beach to stay
all day.

Where is your little brother going?
He is going with me.
Are you going to take your dog, too?
Yes. I want him to go to carry my
dinner-basket.

I shouldn't think he could carry your
dinner-basket very well.

O yes, he can. He takes it in his mouth.
How I wish I had a dog like yours!



THE DOLL'S CARRIAGE.

THAT little girl has a large doll in her
arms.

What is she going to do with the doll?

She is going to take it out to ride in its carriage.

I should think the doll would like to go to ride in that pretty little carriage.

I hope the girl will be careful not to let her fall out of the carriage.

The name of the little girl is Helen, and the doll's name is Rose.



THE SILLY MICE.

Two silly little mice left their snug home one day, and went up into the kitchen to see what they could find to eat.

“O look,” said one of them, “there is some cheese in that nice little wire house; let us go in and get it.”

So they both ran as fast as they could into the little house, when down came the door, and the silly little mice were caught in a trap.

THE ROBIN'S NEST.

ONCE a robin built a nice nest in the cherry tree in Emma's yard.

Pretty soon four little baby robins were in the nest.

O how hungry these little birds were!

Emma said they did nothing but eat, eat, eat, all day long.

Emma put some soft crumbs of bread on the ground for them every day.

When the old birds came to get the crumbs, they looked as if they would like to say "Thank you."



PLAYING SOLDIER.

SEE my red flag. I have a drum, too.

If you will come over to my house, we will play that we are soldiers.

You may take my drum, and I will take
the flag.

Then we will march all around the yard.

Mother will not let me beat my drum in
the house, because she says she does not
like to hear such a noise.

I like to hear a drum, don't you, Will?



MY KITE.

I MADE a large kite yesterday.

I am going to fly it after school.

My kite has a very long string, so it can
go up very high.

One day, when I was flying my kite, it
went up, up, up, oh, so high up in the air,
that it looked like a little speck in the
sky.

THE KIND BROTHER.

LAST night Fred went out to slide down the hill on his new sled.

He likes to slide down hill very much.

One afternoon he took his little brother on his sled.

The little boy was very much pleased.

He laughed, and clapped his hands, and said, "Oh, Fred, how fast we go, don't we? I should think we were flying."

Fred is going to take him out again in a few days.

—••—

NAMING THE KITTENS.

LITTLE kittens like milk to drink.

Let us give them some.

One of these kittens is white, and the other is black.

Which one do you like best?

I like the white one best.

How cold its nose is!

Can you tell me a good name for this
white kitten?

I think Snowball would be a very good
name for it.

Oh, yes; and what can we call the black
kitten?

I can't think of any name for her but
Blackie.

I don't believe kitty cares what name
they give her, do you?



CRISSY.

MARY has a nice large doll which Santa
Claus brought her.

She is going to name it Crissy, because
it was a Christmas present.

The doll has a red silk dress, a black

cloak, and a pretty little white hat; but it has no shoes.

Mary is going to ask the shoemaker to make a pair of shoes for the doll, so that she can take it out to walk.

What funny little shoes they will be!

—••—

A GOOD RULE.

WHERE are you going, Will?

I am going to spin my new top. Will you go with me?

Yes; I will go as soon as I have found my top-string.

Where did you put your top-string?

I don't know. I have looked all around, and I cannot find it.

My mother says I must have a place for everything, and must keep everything in its place.

LITTLE LUCY.

LITTLE LUCY wants to take the baby in her arms, but her mother says, "No, Lucy, you are too small. I am afraid you will drop the baby."

Lucy can play with the baby, if she cannot take it.

She can rock it in the cradle, too, when mother is busy.

Lucy thinks a baby is better than a doll to play with, because a baby can move her hands and feet, and can laugh and cry, and a doll cannot.

WINTER.

IT is very cold in winter, but if we put on warm coats and mittens, we do not mind the cold.

We can have fine fun skating on the pond, and sliding down hill.

Boys sometimes fasten two sleds together. This makes a double-runner, and three or four boys can slide on it at once.

Boys like to slide down hill on double-runners.

—••—

JOHN AND FRANK.

John and Frank are going into the country to stay two weeks.

John is Frank's cousin.

Frank has a little wagon that his older brother made for him, and John has a nice little sail-boat.

The name of John's sail-boat is Sea-Bird.

One day John put the kitten in the boat, and gave her a sail across the pond.

Kitty never had a sail before.

PLAYING SCHOOL.

HERE are six little girls.

They are playing school.

Annie is the teacher, because she is the
oldest.

Little Bella wants to play with them.

Bella is only three years old.

Annie says, "Well, Bella, you may play
if you want to."

So baby Bella sits down on the step,
with the other girls.

In a minute she says, "Now hear me
spell. I can spell dog."

Annie says, "Stand up, then, and spell
it."

So Bella stands up, puts her little hands
behind her, and says, "C a t , dog."

BABY IN HIS CRADLE.

SEE the baby in his cradle!

He has just waked.

His mother has given him a ball to play
with.

Now watch him, and see what he will
do with the ball.

He will try to put it in his mouth, I
know. Babies always do that.

Yes; but this ball will not go into the
baby's mouth; it is too large.

Now he has lost it out of his hand.

Little kitty saw it roll, and she has
jumped into the cradle to play with it.

Baby likes to see the kitty play, but
mother says, "No, kitty, I can't let you
stay in the cradle. I am afraid you will
scratch my baby."

MARY'S RABBIT.

A LITTLE girl named Mary Gray had a pretty little tame rabbit.

She fed it every day with fresh leaves.

One day a large dog came into the yard when the little rabbit was eating his dinner.

As soon as the rabbit saw the dog, he ran to Mary and jumped up into her lap.

Mary put her arms around her little pet, and said, "You need not be afraid of that dog, while I am here, you dear little rabbit."

The rabbit looked up at her with its gentle eyes, and I think the look meant, "You are very kind to me, little mistress, and I love you."

WALTER'S PICNIC.

ONE day last summer Walter went to a picnic.

His mother and his little sister Fannie went with him.

Would you like to know what he found in the woods?

Well, I will tell you.

He found a bird's nest with three young birds in it.

They were very small birds, so small that they could not open their eyes.

Little Fannie wanted to carry the birds home, but her mother said, "Why, Fannie, that would be very cruel. What would the poor mother bird do if you should take away her little ones?"

FUNNY FRISK.

CHARLES was riding in the cars last summer, going from his home in the city to the sea-shore.

There was a little girl in the car, with a pretty white dog in her arms.

The girl would hold a piece of cake up before the dog, and say, "Speak for it, Frisk!"

Then the dog would stand up on his hind legs, and give a loud bark.

When the girl dropped the cake into his mouth, he would wag his tail, as much as to say, "Thank you."

THE CHICKEN.

THIS chicken cannot find his mother.

He stopped to catch a grasshopper, and his mother, and brothers and sisters, went on without him.

Now, he feels that he is all alone in the wide world, and he begins to cry with loud peeps.

Will his mother hear him?

Yes; there she comes, around the corner of the house.

When she sees him she says, "Chicken, don't make such a noise. Come here, and get a piece of this worm."



GEORGE'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

LAST Christmas George had a present of a fine large sled.

The sled was painted red, with black stripes around the sides of it.

The name of it was Racer.

George says that it was just what he wanted.

The first time he went out to slide on it, the sled went very swiftly to the foot of the hill.

George wasn't on it, though, when it reached the foot.

He stopped about half-way down the hill.

He thinks that is not the best way to slide.

A FIRE.

HARK! I can hear a bell ringing.

It is a fire-bell.

Oh, look! That large mill is on fire!

Now the fire-men are coming with the engine.

How fast the horses run!

They seem to know that they must get to the fire quickly.

Now streams of water are thrown upon the house.

How hard the men work to put out the fire!

Can they put it out?

Yes. I think it is not so bright now as it was.

See that man going up on the ladder to the roof of the house.

How brave he is!

I should not dare to do that.

The fire is almost out now, but see the great clouds of smoke rolling up!

The men will not go away until they are sure there is no fire left.



THE BROKEN WINDOW.

GEORGE and James were playing together, and George's ball went through the window of a house.

James said, "Let's run away, and then they will not know who broke the window."

"No," answered George, "I would not do such a mean thing. I broke the window, and I am going to own it, and pay for it."

"Well," said James, "I suppose that is the best way to do. I didn't think how mean it would be to run away. I will pay half, for if I had caught the ball, it would not have broken the window."

THE TOAD.

SEE these two little chickens looking at their strange visitor.

They do not know what to call him.

One of them says to the other, "What do you suppose that is? It can't be a chicken."

"No," says the other one, "that's no chicken. I'll ask him what he is."

So he stepped up to the stranger and said, "Who are you, and where did you come from?"

"Why, I'm a toad, of course," answered the visitor. "Didn't you ever see me hopping around the yard before? I've always known you."

—————

SANTA CLAUS.

"HURRAH!" said old Santa Claus, running into his work-shop, where all the beautiful Christmas presents are made. "We must have one hundred more wax dolls made, for one hundred more good little girls."

Then all the workmen laughed, and began to work as fast as they could.

"We must make six hundred tops, too, for the good boys."

And the workmen who made tops all took their tools, and said, "All right! We'll get them done, if we have to work all night."

Would you like to know how Santa Claus looks?

He has bright, black eyes, a funny red nose, and he looks all the time as if he was going to laugh.

Good old Santa Claus!



BOAT SAILING.

CHARLIE and Willie were sailing their boats on a little pond of water which the high tide had left on the beach.

After a while Charlie said, "I am going to sail my boat on the ocean. I don't like this little pond."

"Why, Charlie," answered Willie, "if you put your boat on the ocean, it will float away, and you will never see it again."

"Well," said Charlie, "perhaps it will float away round the world, and some boy who lives on the other side of the world may get it."

"Then the boys on the other side will find out what nice boats the boys on this side of the earth can make, won't they?" asked Willie.

THE CAMEL.

WHAT a queer looking animal a camel is.

Yes; but it is a very useful animal.

How is it useful?

Well, you know it is used in crossing large deserts of sand, where there is no water, and where nothing can grow.

Now, the camel can go for several days without drinking, and so, of course, it is very useful in crossing these deserts.

It is sometimes called the Ship of the Desert.

THE WASP AND THE BEE.

A WASP, who was flying about in a garden, met a bee, who had come in to get some of the sweet juice of the flowers to make into honey.

The wasp said to the bee, "Well, Mr. Bee, you seem to be very busy to-day."

"Yes," answered the bee, "I always find enough to do. We have a great many little bees in the hive to feed; and then, you know, we have to get ready for winter."

"My house is almost ready for winter," said the wasp; "but I shall not want food then, for when winter comes I shall die."

JACK FROST.

DID you ever see Jack Frost make pictures on the window-panes?

Yes; and they look very pretty sometimes.

I have seen the trees all covered with ice, too.

When the sun shines on the trees, they glitter and sparkle as if they were all covered with diamonds.

Yes; but I would rather see the trees covered with green leaves than with ice, wouldn't you?

—————

THE ELEPHANT.

ELEPHANTS live in hot countries far away from us.

They are larger than any other animal that lives on the land.

The whale is larger, but that, you know, lives in the ocean.

The elephant has, coming from his head, something which we might think was a very long nose.

This is called its trunk, and it is very useful to the animal.

With it he can do a great many very different things; he can pick up a pin, or he can pull up a tree by the roots.

He also uses his trunk to put his food and drink into his mouth.

Though the elephant is so large and strong, he is not at all fierce.

He can be tamed quite easily, and is useful in many ways to the people of the countries where he lives.

DAISY'S THREE KITTENS.

DAISY had three little kittens, Puff, Beauty, and Midget. They were very happy little kittens, because Daisy was always so kind to them.

Christmas Eve, when Daisy was hanging up her stocking, she said, "I wish my kittens had some stockings."

"Why," said her mother, "they have nice fur stockings."

"But I want to hang them up," said Daisy; "Santa Claus might bring them some neck ribbons."

In the morning, her stocking was full of pretty things.

When she went to look for her kittens, she found them fast asleep in Grandpa's chair.

And what do you think!

They all had on neck ribbons.

Puff's was red.

Beauty had a white one.

Midget had a blue one.

"O how nice!" said Daisy. "I wonder how Santa Claus knew."

L. M. M.

AMY'S DOLL.

AMY went into a toy shop with her aunt to buy a doll.

"Please ask the man if he has any dolls with blue eyes and yellow hair," said Amy to her aunt. "That's the kind of a doll I want."

"O yes," said the man, "we have all kinds of dolls in our store. I will show you some."

So he took some down for them to look at.

" May I take one in my hand ? " said Amy.

" O yes," said the man.

So Amy took up one of the dolls.

" Oh, this is such a dear little doll ! " she said ; " I wish you would buy this one for me."

" Are you sure you like that one best ? " said her aunt.

Amy looked at the rest.

" I don't know," she said, slowly. " That one with black eyes is pretty, too."

" Yes," said her aunt, " they are all pretty ; but we can't buy them all, you know."

Amy laughed, and said she thought she should like the one with blue eyes best.

" I shall name this doll Daisy," she said, when they were going home. " Don't you think Daisy is a pretty name for a doll ? "

" Yes," said her aunt ; " I think it is a very pretty name."

THE LOST HAT.

"WHERE is my hat, mother?" said Johnny, one day.

"I don't know," answered his mother.

"Well, how can I go to school without my hat?" he said.

"Oh, I will let you wear my hat," said his mother; "I know where that is."

"But I don't want to wear your hat, mother. I should be ashamed to wear your hat to school," said Johnny, almost crying.

"Yes," answered his mother, "I suppose you would. But it seems to me you ought to be ashamed, too, not to know where your own hat is."

"I am sorry that I don't know," said Johnny; "but I don't see why I should be ashamed."

"Because," answered his mother, "it shows that you cannot be trusted to take care of your own things. If you cannot take care of a hat now, what are you going to do when you are a man, and have a great many things to take care of?"

"Oh," said Johnny, "I shall learn to take care of things before I grow to be a man."

"Not if you don't begin to learn now," answered his mother.

Just then, Johnny happened to look up in the cherry-tree by the door, and there was his hat among the branches.

"I see my hat!" he cried out. "I remember now that I took it off when I was up getting cherries, and then I forgot all about it."

So Johnny climbed up in the tree, got

his hat, and ran off to school as fast as he could run.

—————

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

“MOTHER,” said little Amy, “who was Washington? John says that to-day is Washington’s birthday; and when I asked him who Washington was, he said, ‘Everybody knows who he is,’ and then he ran off. I don’t know. Please tell me.”

“Well, dear,” answered her mother, “George Washington was the first President of our country.

“He was a very good man, too, so the people respected him and trusted him.

“When he was a little boy he learned to be honest and truthful.

“He is sometimes called the Father of his Country.”

—————

JIP.

ONE pleasant morning, Jip, a pretty little white dog, said to his mother, "Mother, I want to go and take a run alone this morning. I have never been out of the yard yet, without you."

His mother said, "I am afraid you could not find your way home without me."

But little Jip thought he could.

So off he started, running along, and barking at all the boys he saw.

Some of the boys threw stones at him when he barked at them; and that frightened him, and made him run faster.

At last, poor little Jip found he had got so far away from home, that he couldn't tell how to get back again.

He sat down by an old fence, and began to cry, very sadly, "Bow-wow, bow-wow."

But no one took the least notice of him.

By and by he began to get hungry, and he said to himself, "I don't know what I shall do. Nobody will give me a bone. I suppose I shall starve."

Then he went slowly across the street, and looked in through an open gate; but seeing two boys at play in the yard, and remembering their treatment of him, he didn't venture in.

As he turned to go back, he saw his old friend, Prince, coming.

He rushed down the street to meet him, and said, with a glad bark, "O Prince, please take me home again. I don't know the way, and I am very hungry."

So Prince, being a very good-natured dog, showed him the way to go.

When he got home, his mother said,

“Well, my little Jip, you must wait till you are older, before you take another trip alone.”

I think Jip will wait; don’t you?



CARRY AND HER DOLL.

“LILLIE,” said little Carry to her large wax doll, “I am going to spend the afternoon with Emma Wilson, and I think I shall take you with me. She said she wanted me to bring you the next time I came to see her. She has a doll just about as large as you are, so you will have somebody to play with, you see.”

The doll did not answer Carry, but I suppose she felt pleased.

“What can you wear on your head, I wonder?” Carry went on, “I wish you had

a hat. Emma's doll has a nice little white hat, with a black feather on it. I must try to make you a hat soon."

Miss Dolly sat up very straight, and if she could have spoken, I think she would have said, "Why, little mother, I don't want to go out with nothing on my head. Why didn't you make me a hat yesterday?"

Of course she couldn't say this, so Carry went on talking to her.

"I think you had better wear your green silk dress," she said, "because your blue one is a little faded; and besides, it is rather too thin for such a cold day. I must put on your new red shoes, too. I wonder if Emma's doll has a pair of shoes."

Dolly didn't seem to care whether Emma's doll had a pair of shoes or not.

"I thought at first, Lillie, that I would let you ride in your carriage," Carry said,

“but as you have no hat, I think I had better wrap you in my shawl, and carry you in my arms.”

I know Lillie wished she could say, “O yes, my little mother, that is much the best way.”

Carry had been dressing her doll while she was saying all this to her, and having finished buttoning the little boots, she said, “Now I must go down stairs and see what time it is. We are going to start at two o’clock, and I think it must be nearly two now.”

So she put Miss Lillie very carefully in a large arm-chair, and went out of the room.

In a short time she came back with her cloak and hat on, and a little red shawl in her hand. She wrapped the shawl around the doll, and taking her up in her arms, she said, “O Lillie, we’ll have a splendid

time this afternoon, I know. I always have a nice time when I go to see Emma Wilson."

MICE IN THE MEAL-CHEST.

A LITTLE mouse, whose name was Nibbler, thought he would take a walk one fine day. So he ran out of his hole and went up to a farm-house to look for something to eat.

On the way, he saw old Tab, the cat that lived at the farm-house.

"Ah, Tab," said he to himself, "you would like to have me for your dinner, I know; but I don't think you will this time."

He kept very still till Tab was out of sight.

Then he said to himself, with a laugh, "If old Tab had known there was a good

fat mouse so near, she wouldn't have gone into the woods to look for a bird or a squirrel."

He had just started on again, when he met little Grayspaws, a mouse who lived in the same barn with him, and whom he often went to visit.

"Why, Grayspaws," he said, "I am glad to see you. Where are you going?"

"I was just taking a walk," answered Grayspaws, "and I am glad to meet you too. Are you going up to the farm-house?"

"Yes," said Nibbler. "Come on, will you? Old Tab has just gone down to the woods to find a squirrel for her dinner, so we sha'n't have to look out for her. She went close by where I was hidden, but I kept very still, I can tell you, till she was gone, for I don't mean to let her bite off my head."

"No," replied Grayspaws, "she shan't eat me, if I can help it. What a fierce, ugly looking creature she is, isn't she? I'd rather meet a dozen boys, any time, fierce as they are, than to meet her. I can always get away from a boy; but a cat, oh, dear! A cat is just terrible."

"That's a fact," said Nibbler; "but if we stand here talking so long, old Tab will get back, and then we shall have to go home without a mouthful of dinner. So, come on, I know where they keep their meal, and I'll show you."

So on they went, and in a few minutes reached the farm-house.

They crept quietly in through a little hole which was under the door, and were soon in the meal-chest.

They tasted the sweet, fresh meal, and found it so nice that I don't know but they

would have spent the whole afternoon in the chest if an accident hadn't happened.

Grampaws' tail, which was very long, got covered up in the meal, and Nibbler, not seeing it of course, gave the end such a sharp little bite, that Grampaws couldn't help giving a loud squeal.

In an instant, George, the farmer's boy, came running into the meal-room, calling, "Kitty, kitty, kitty; I do believe there's a mouse here!"

The two frightened little mice heard him coming, and, quick as a flash, they sprang out of the chest, and down through another open door, into the yard.

And then didn't they set off at full speed for home!

They didn't stop once to speak to each other, or to look behind them, till they were safe in their own barn; and then Grampaws

said, "Oh dear! How my heart beats. It is lucky for us that Tab wasn't there, Nibbler."

—••—

MARY AND SNOWBELL.

A LITTLE girl was walking in the fields one day in summer, when she came to a beautiful pond.

"O what a pretty place!" said the little girl. "I will lie down on this soft bank and rest, and look at the water. I will take off my hat and put it on the ground for a pillow"; and she laughed to think what a funny pillow a hat would make.

When she had been lying very still for some time, listening to the birds which were singing all about her, she thought she heard a sweet little voice say, "Little girl, have you come to play with me?"

She looked all around, but could not see any one.

“Who is talking to me?” she said. “I should like some one to play with, but I cannot see you anywhere.”

“Why, here I am,” said the little voice, “close to your head.”

The child raised her head, but all she could see was a beautiful little white flower.

“I wonder if this flower is talking to me,” she said; “I don’t see any one here.”

“Yes,” said the sweet voice, “I am a flower, and my name is Snowbell. What is your name?”

“Why,” the little girl answered, “my name is Mary; but I didn’t know that flowers could talk, and I am sure I don’t see how you can play.”

“Why not?” the flower said.

“Because,” answered Mary, “you cannot

run about, or play ball, or jump rope, or do anything but just keep still in one place."

"But that is all I want to do," the little flower answered, "and I am as happy as I can be. When the soft wind blows, I bend my head and play with the grass, or this little bush beside me; and sometimes when little girls lie down by my side and go to sleep, I put my head down on their faces and wake them up."

Then Mary laughed, and said, "Well, little flower, don't you get hungry sometimes, and then don't you wish you could run away and get something to eat?"

"What a silly girl you are!" answered the flower. "Don't you know that I get what I want to eat right here? God knew that I should be hungry sometimes, and as he made me so that I could not move

around, of course he put my food where I could get it without moving."

"Well, where is it?" said Mary. "I don't see anything good to eat here."

"You cannot see it," answered the flower, "because part of it is in the ground, where I can get it with my root; the rest is in the air. I eat that part with my leaves."

"O how funny!" said the little girl. "I never thought before how flowers *did* eat; and when it rains you can drink, can't you?"

Just then a bird flew down on a bush close by the little girl, and began to sing so loudly that Mary heard it, and opened her eyes.

"Birdie," she said, after looking around her for a minute, "I must have been asleep, and you woke me with your pretty song."

Then she arose and went towards home, thinking all the way about the little flower.

When she reached home she told her mother about it, and her mother said, "That was a dream, Mary."

—•—

THE WILFUL LITTLE SQUIRREL.

IN a hollow tree, in the orchard near Mary's house, there lived five little squirrels.

They were a happy little squirrel family, and had only one thing in the world to trouble them, and that was Rover, the large dog that lived at the farm-house.

He would bark at them, and chase them, whenever he got a chance, so that the old squirrels sometimes thought they should have to give up their pleasant orchard home, and move farther away from the farm-house.

When the father and mother squirrel went away from home to get food for their children, they always said, "Now, children, you must keep near our tree, or Rover will catch you."

The little ones obeyed their parents, and played about in the branches of the tree; or, if they went down to the ground, they kept close to the tree, so they could run quickly to their nest, if they saw or heard the dog.

But one day, I am sorry to say, the largest and strongest of the little squirrels said to his brothers, "I can see a basket of very nice nuts up by the 'farm-house door, and Rover is nowhere to be seen, so I think I'll just run up there and get a few of them. I know I can run faster than Rover can, if he should happen to see me. And don't you want me to get you some of those splendid nuts?"

His brothers said, "Yes, we should like some of the nuts, but mother and father said we must not go up to the farm-house; so don't go, brother. Let's climb up in the apple tree and get an apple; we can get that without disobeying father and mother."

But the foolish little squirrel thought he knew as well as his parents what it was best for him to do, so he said, "No; I am tired of apples, and I am going to have some of those nuts."

Off he started then, running along the branches, and springing from tree to tree, until he reached the orchard fence.

Then he looked carefully all around, to make sure that Rover was nowhere about, and sprang lightly to the ground.

He had only a very short distance to go from the orchard fence to the house, and was soon at the basket of nuts.

He seized a nice large one in his mouth, jumped down from the basket, and was running rapidly back to the orchard when, looking towards the barn, what should he see coming straight towards him, and barking, as much as to say, "Now I've got you!" but Rover, the dog.

Poor little squirrel! how his heart beat!
For a moment he could hardly breathe.

Then he thought, "There is only one thing I can do to save my life, and that is to run as I never ran before."

He dropped the nut he had in his mouth, and set off as swiftly as he could go toward his home; but, sad to tell, he found that Rover would catch him before he could get there, though he was running as fast as his little legs could take him.

How he wished now that he had obeyed his kind father and mother!

He began to cry, and to call out in squirrel language, “Father! mother! come and help me!”

But father and mother were far away, and could not hear him.

Rover had almost reached him; indeed, he had just raised his paw to seize the poor tired little squirrel, when what do you think happened?

Why, little Mary came to the door to see what Rover was barking so loudly for, and when she saw the frightened little squirrel, she ran out very quickly, calling, “Rover! Rover! here, here, come here, sir!”

Rover stopped at once when he heard his kind little mistress’s voice, and ran back to her.

Then our little squirrel hurried on to his home, and arrived there, tired out and almost sick with fright, just as his mother reached home.

“O mother,” he said, “I will never disobey you again, for if it had not been for little Mary, I should have been killed today.”

LITTLE TIM'S CHRISTMAS.

CHAPTER I.

“O, Jo, this is good!” said one poor little boy to another, as they nestled into a corner where the sun was shining bright and warm. “I should think there was a fire here.”

“Yes,” answered Jo, “I wish the sun would shine into our room like this. It wouldn’t be so cold there then, would it?”

“No,” said little Tim, “nor so dark. I wish I could go to the sun to live. Then I should be warm all the time.”

Jo, who was two or three years older than

Tim, laughed as he said, "I don't believe you would find the sun a very good place to live in, Tim."

Just as he said this, a gentleman wearing a fur coat passed by, and as soon as Tim saw him, he cried out, "I know who that is, Jo. That's Santa Claus. I know him by that fur coat. He always wears a fur coat like that. You see he's out getting Christmas presents for folks."

"Yes," said Jo, "if he is Santa Claus, I suppose that is what he is after."

"I wonder if he knows how much we want some presents," little Tim said. "Not candy or tops though,— I don't want such things half so much as I want a thick warm coat, and a pair of boots without any holes in them. Do you, Jo?"

"No," Jo said, "I should like the coat and boots best."

“I wish I had stopped him and told him what we wanted,” said Tim. “Mother said she was afraid Santa Claus would forget her boys this year; and if I had told him, he couldn’t forget about it, I know, for next week Christmas comes.”

Jo’s face looked very sad, as he said, “Mother wouldn’t let Santa Claus forget us if she could help it, Timmy.”

“No, I know that well enough,” answered Tim. “She told me she would tell Santa Claus about us, if she knew where to find him. There he is now, coming out of that store a little way down the street, on the other side! Now I’m going to speak to him,” and he was off like a flash, before Jo could stop him.

He had to run some distance before he came up to the gentleman; but at last he reached him, and going up to him, he said

in an eager voice, "Mr. Santa Claus, I should like to speak to you a minute, if you please."

Mr. Santa Claus stopped at once, and looking kindly down at the earnest little face raised to his own, he said, with a smile, "Well, my little man, what do you want?"

"I wanted to tell you," answered little Tim, "what I should like to have you bring me for a Christmas present. My mother said she was afraid you would forget all about Jo and me this year; and so, when I saw you, I thought I'd just tell you what we want, and — you won't forget us, will you?"

The gentleman did not speak for a minute; then he said gently, putting his hand on the little boy's head, "What is your name, child, and where do you live?"

"I live in Union Court, and my name is Tim," answered the boy.

"Tim what?" asked the gentleman.

"Tim Scott," replied the child; "and I would rather have a warm coat or a new pair of boots for a present than candy or playthings, if you please; and so would Jo."

"Don't you like candy?" the gentleman said.

"Yes, sir," said Tim; "but, you know, I don't really need it, and mother says we must try and get along without things that we don't need, even if we do like them."

The gentleman looked with a face full of kindness and pity at the little boy, as he said, "Well, my boy, I am not Santa Claus, but I am one of his messengers, and I will let him know where you live, and what you would like to have him bring you, and if he

forgets you after that, he isn't the sort of Santa Claus I think he is."

Little Tim's face lighted up joyfully, and he said, "Thank you, sir. Now I'll go and tell Jo what you say," and he hurried back to the place where Jo was waiting for him.

"O, Jo," he cried, as soon as he reached him, "I am so glad I spoke to him!"

He told Jo all that the gentleman had said, and then the two boys ran home to tell their mother the joyful news.

CHAPTER II.

THE week has gone, and now it is the night before Christmas. In her cold and cheerless room, the mother of Jo and little Tim is sitting, thinking sadly that her little boys' Christmas this year will not be a very happy one, when a loud knock at the door makes her start.

"Can it be that Santa Claus has remembered my darlings?" she said to herself, half laughing.

She opened the door quickly, but no person was to be seen.

She was just going to close it again, when she thought she saw some large object on the step.

Going back into the room, she brought a light to the door, and there, sure enough, was a large box.

She took it into the room, and then she saw plainly written on the top of it: "For Jo and Tim, from Santa Claus."

The knock had awakened the two boys, who were sitting up, with very wide open eyes, when their mother came in with the box.

"O, mother!" cried little Tim, "I knew good old Santa Claus would not forget us!"

Open the box, please, and let me see if he has sent what I asked him for?"

"No," said his mother, "the room is so cold, I don't want you to sit up. Go to sleep now, and in the morning we will see what is in the box."

So the little boys nestled down again, and went to sleep with such happy faces, that, I think if the kind messenger of Santa Claus had seen them, he would have said, "How glad I am that I did what I could to make these little children's Christmas a merry one."

In the morning, as soon as it was light enough to see, the boys were up and at work trying to open the box.

At last it was open, and the presents were spread out before them on the floor.

How little Tim's eyes shone, and how he danced about with joy when he saw what

was in the box! There was a thick coat and a pair of shoes for each of the boys, and a good warm shawl for their mother.

Besides these things, there was a large bag of nuts, candy, and oranges.

O what a merry Christmas this was for these poor little children!

Do you wonder that Jo whispered softly to his mother, "I hope God will make that kind man's Christmas as happy as he has made ours."

WHY THE TEA-KETTLE BOILED OVER.

“Just hear the tea-kettle!” said a little iron frying-pan to its friend, the stove; “did you ever hear such a noise?”

“No,” answered the stove, angrily, “I certainly never did. What is the matter with you, you noisy tea-kettle?”

“Why,” bubbled the tea-kettle, “I am trying to let the cook know that I ought to be taken off. I am boiling as hard as I can; and if she doesn’t come quickly and take me off, I am afraid I shall boil all over you; and then cook will have to black you again.”

“I don’t see why you need to boil over on me,” answered the stove; “you do that almost every day, and I don’t like it, I’d have you know.”

“Well,” replied the tea-kettle, “I don’t

want to boil over, but I can't help it. The cook fills me too full. She doesn't seem to know that hot water needs more room than cold water. So, as she fills me full of cold water, of course when the water begins to boil, it comes out, and I can't help it. You should blame the cook, not me."

"Well, rattle away then, as loudly as you please," said the stove. "Perhaps the cook will hear you if you make noise enough."

And sure enough she did hear, and came running in to take off the tea-kettle, saying, "There! I wish I knew what makes that tea-kettle always boil over." But the tea-kettle didn't say a single word more.



THE SNOW-FLAKES.

"HURRAH! We are going down to the earth," said a tiny snow-flake up in its cloud

home to its brothers. "I heard King Frost and the North Wind say last night that, if the East Wind would come and help them, they would make some more snow-flakes, and send us all down to the earth."

"O what fun!" cried the rest; "won't we have a fine race down! I wish East Wind would hurry and bring up his clouds."

"Here he comes now!" cried a little flake.

And sure enough, far out over the ocean came the East Wind, driving the clouds filled with tiny water-drops before him.

King Frost and North Wind went forth to meet him when they saw him coming, and to breathe on the clouds which were flying fast before him.

Instantly the water-drops in the clouds were changed into beautiful little, feathery snow-flakes, which leaped joyously from

their cloud home, and began their journey to the earth.

Faster and faster they came forth, chasing each other merrily along, and laughing gayly as the strong Winds caught them and whirled them about.

“ You can’t catch me ! ” cried one.

“ Don’t be too sure of that ! ” cried another.

“ I’ll be there first ! ” called out a third.

“ Not if I get there before you,” laughed a fourth, rushing along so swiftly that he was out of sight in an instant.

What fun it was, to be sure ! and, when they finally reached the ground, how they rolled over and over each other, and flew here and there among the dead leaves and the bushes, till at last they were quite tired out, and settled quietly down to rest for a while.

They had been quiet but a few minutes, however, when they heard a shout, and down the road came the schoolboys.

“Now for the fun!” joyfully cried the little snow-flakes. “Here come the boys to play with us!”

“A snowball match!” cried the boys.
“Let’s have a snowball match!”

“Yes,” laughed the snow-flakes, “we like that.”

And so, when the boys took up the snow, the little flakes clung closely together, and did their very best to make the balls quickly.

Then how they laughed, and how the boys laughed and shouted, as they flew through the air.

“We won’t hit hard, though,” said the snow-flakes, “for we don’t want to hurt anyone.” The kind little snow-flakes!

After a short game of snowballing, the boys grew tired of this sport, and ran off to their homes to get their sleds.

So the little snow-flakes had a chance to rest awhile, and to watch their brothers, who were hurrying down from their cloud home to join them on the earth.

"You are too late for the fun," they said to the newcomers; "we have just had a fine game of snowball with the boys."

"O, we shall have sport enough," they answered, "before we go off."

Just then, hearing footsteps, they looked up and saw coming down the road a boy somewhat larger than those who had been playing with them, and who was reading as he walked slowly along.

"I wouldn't give much for that boy," said the snow-flakes, "he isn't going to take any notice of us."

But when he came a little nearer to them, they heard him say this: "Without the sun there would be no vapor in the air; without the vapor there would be no clouds; and without the clouds there would be no snow; so really the sun makes the snow. That's queer, now," he added, stopping his reading, and looking down at the snow at his feet. "I never knew that before."

"Well," said a snow-flake, looking up, saucily, "don't you suppose there are a great many other things you don't know?"

The boy stooped down without taking any notice of what the snow-flake said, and, taking up some of the snow in his hand, he went on: "How soft and white you are, you snow-flakes. I wish I had a magnifying-glass; then I could see your beautiful forms."

"This boy *does* take more notice of us than the other ones did," exclaimed a pleased little snow-flake, "only he doesn't wish to play with us. I'll tell you how I look," he added, kindly, to the boy; "I look like a star, a six-pointed star, and my brother here has the form of a hexagon, all covered with little sparkling dots."

The boy didn't seem to hear the snow-flakes, or, perhaps he heard them, but didn't understand snow-language, so he made no reply to the speech of the little flake, but went on talking as if he had not spoken.

"Well," he said, "if the sun makes the snow for us, he takes it away from us again. I should like to know why it is that we cannot see the vapor when the sun is drawing it up through the air."

"You do see it, sometimes, you know," answered a flake, "and you call it fog.

Generally you cannot see it, because the particles of water which make vapor are so very, very small; so small that it takes many millions of them to make a drop of rain."

"And this vapor is rising all the time, too," the boy continued, "from the ocean, from ponds and rivers, from the ground, from plants and trees, from animals, from almost everything on the earth, and yet we know nothing about it till we see it over our heads in clouds. It is very wonderful."

"Yes, it is wonderful," replied the snow-flakes; "and there are many other wonderful things happening, which you will learn about when you are older."

As the snow-flake finished speaking, the boy walked away, and the little flake never saw him again.

THE FIGURE FAIRIES.

"I just hate this lesson! I wish there were no arithmetics in the world, then I shouldn't have to be bothered with examples that won't come right," grumbled a boy about eleven years old; and he closed his book with a bang, and put down his slate. "I suppose I must stay in here all the afternoon, for mother said I couldn't go out to play till my lesson was done, and I am sure I can never do it."

Just then, happening to glance at his arithmetic, he saw that it was covered with tiny little beings who were looking very sharply at him, as if they had something they wished to say to him.

Being much astonished at this unexpected sight, the boy stared at the strange little beings for some minutes without saying a

word. At last he said, "Well, who are you, and where did you come from?"

"We are figure fairies," answered one of the little creatures, "and we have come to help you get your lesson."

"I don't believe you can do anything for me," said the boy; "you are too small."

The fairies laughed, and said, "O, you can't judge of our power to help you by our size. We think we can help; so take your slate and go to work again, and we'll try."

The boy took up his slate readily, amused at the idea of being aided by such queer little people.

"Now put us all on the slate," said one of the fairies.

"I don't want you on the slate," answered the boy; "you'll be in my way there."

“No,” the fairies said, “we’ll keep away from your hand. We must be very near, so we can watch you.”

“Well,” the boy replied, laughing, and helping them up on the slate, “watch away then.”

Very much pleased at being watched by such tiny teachers, he went to work with right good will.

He did the first example correctly, and had nearly finished the second one without having made a single mistake, and without a word being spoken by the fairies.

Stopping work for a minute then, he said, “How well I am getting along! You help me just by watching me, don’t you, fairies?”

The fairies smiled, but said nothing.

The boy thought he should get on without any trouble now, with the help of the

fairies, so he began to think about the good time he should have, playing ball, when his lesson was done. "I must hurry up and finish," he said to himself; "five times seven are twenty-one; write down the one and carry the two;" but when he attempted to write the one, two or three of the little beings seized his pencil, and the others took hold of his hand and held it, so he could not make a mark.

"Come, now, that isn't the way to help," he said; "what's the matter?"

"Twenty-one is the matter," said a bright looking little fairy.

The boy looked at his slate a minute, and then he said, "Oh, I said seven times five are twenty-one, didn't I? Well, I meant thirty-five."

The fairies all laughed when the boy said this, and looked at each other, as

much as to say, "We know better than he does what he meant." But they let go his hand, and allowed him to write the thirty-five.

"That's the way you are going to help, is it?" he asked; "then I suppose I shall have to think before I write, if I don't want to be stopped again."

"You certainly will," answered a sharp little voice. "If you had been thinking about what you were doing just now, you wouldn't have made such a careless mistake."

"No," said the boy, "I don't believe I should; but," he added, "you know a good deal for such little things, don't you?"

"O yes," answered a fairy, "we know everything about numbers. But hurry and do your work; don't stop to talk to us."

So the boy went on, and I am glad to

say that, as he worked very carefully, the lesson was done, and done correctly, in a very short time.

“There!” he said, as he wrote the last figure, “I’m glad you came to help me, fairies, for I was going to give up the lesson, and now here it is all done. You are very kind if you are small. Do you think you shall come out again to-morrow?”

“No,” said one of the fairies; “we can only appear to mortals once in a hundred years, so you will never see us again. But we will give you a rule, which, if followed, will always help you. It is this: Whatever you do, do with your might. Don’t half do anything. No boy ever amounted to much yet who didn’t put his best work into whatever he attempted.”

The boy looked thoughtful a minute, and

then he said, “ I suppose that it is a pretty good rule to follow, but I am afraid it would be hard work for me always to follow it.”

Just then the door opened, and the boy turned to see who was coming.

When he looked round again, the fairies had all disappeared.



THE CATERPILLAR.

“ SEE that horrid, ugly caterpillar, Jennie ; I am dreadfully afraid of them,” said Amy Snow, as she was coming home from school one afternoon.

“ Why are you afraid of them, Amy ? ” asked her friend, Jennie Allen. “ They are harmless, and you know they turn into the pretty butterflies. I hope you are not afraid of a butterfly, are you ? ”

15 Stories for Young Children

"O no, if those did!" answered Amy, laughing; "a butterfly is very different from a caterpillar. If it is one first."

"I'll tell you what we will do, Amy," said Jennie; "we'll take this caterpillar home and see just how it turns itself into a butterfly."

"Yes, let's do it!" answered Amy; "you carry it home, and I'll get a glass ready to put it in."

"Wouldn't you like to carry it home yourself, Amy?" asked Jennie, laughing, as she took up the caterpillar.

When the girls arrived at Jennie's home, Mrs. Allen, Jennie's mother, said, "What are you going to do with that caterpillar, girls?"

Then they told her why they had brought the caterpillar home.

"I think that is a very good plan," she

said. "I suppose you know what to do with it, don't you?"

"Yes, mother," answered Jennie; "we are going to put it in a glass, and cover the glass with paper to prevent its getting out."

"You are not going to stifle it, are you?" asked her mother.

"O no; of course we shall cut some holes in the paper to let in the air," answered the girls.

"And you will have to feed it too," said Mrs. Allen.

"Feed it," said Jennie; "why, what shall we feed it with? I don't know what caterpillars eat, I am sure."

"On what did you find it?" asked her mother.

"We found it on a caraway plant," answered Jennie.

"Well, then, probably you can feed it on carraway leaves," said her mother. "You can try those, at any rate, and if it won't eat them, I don't see but you will have to let it go, for of course you wouldn't want to starve it to death."

"O no, indeed!" cried both the girls; "we won't keep it if it won't eat the carraway leaves."

Then Amy went out and broke off a stem of carraway, and Mrs. Allen and Jennie put the caterpillar and the stem both into the glass, and tied the paper carefully over the top.

They soon found that the caterpillar would eat the carraway leaves, and seemed to like them; so they supplied it with fresh green leaves every day.

At the end of about a week, one morning when Jennie was going to feed it

as usual, she noticed that it hardly moved when she removed the paper from the glass, but looked as if something was the matter with it.

"Mother," she cried, "I am afraid my caterpillar is going to die, after all my care. It looks almost dead now."

"O no, I think not," replied her mother; "just wait awhile and see what happens next. You will not have to feed it any more; just cover it up again, and let it be for a while."

Jennie did as her mother said, and in a day or two the caterpillar had covered itself all over with what looked like a sort of coarse web, and had fastened itself by a slender thread to the stem.

Jennie's mother told her that this was called a chrysalis, and that she couldn't tell how long the worm would remain in this

state, as different kinds of caterpillars remained for different lengths of time in the chrysalis state.

"Well," said Jennie, "we shall have to wait and see then, I suppose."

They did not have to wait long for this caterpillar to change, however; for, in about three weeks, Mrs. Allen said to Jennie one morning, "Look in your glass this morning, Jennie."

Jennie looked, and you can imagine her delight when she saw, in place of the ugly chrysalis, a beautiful butterfly fluttering its delicate wings.

She seized the glass, and hurried into Amy's house, to show Amy the wonderful sight.

Amy looked at it a few minutes, admiring the bright colors on its wings and body, and then she said, "Let's take it

out into the garden now, and take off the paper."

They did so, and held the glass down near a lovely lily in full bloom in the garden.

In a minute, the butterfly came slowly out of the glass, and crawled up on the flower.

Then, as if pleased at finding itself in the pure, fresh air, sweet with the fragrance of so many flowers, it started off, flying gayly from flower to flower, and, with its long trunk or tongue, drinking in the juice from each.

In a short time it took its flight out of the garden, and the two girls lost sight of it.

PEACE, LOVE, AND HOPE.

ONCE upon a time, long ago I think it must have been, there lived, in a beautiful palace at the bottom of the bright blue sea, a gentle little fairy named Peace.

Peace had not always lived in this ocean palace; once she had lived on the land. Her home was in as pretty a spot as you would ever wish to see. Bright flowers were around it, leafy trees shaded it, and the birds sang their joyous songs near it all day.

“But, ah!” said gentle Peace, “though my own home was calm and peaceful, I could hear the sounds of anger and of quarrels, and sometimes from a distance would come the fearful sounds of war.

“I could not bear these painful sounds, so at last I left my pleasant little home,

and came to this still, cold palace to live."

And here for many years she had lived quietly and happily, out of the reach of all the tumult and strife of the busy world above her, hearing only the low, soft murmur of the water as it rippled round her palace. For even the stormy roar of the ocean was hushed to a mournful murmur before the sound reached her quiet dwelling.

But at length the desire to see once more her sister fairies, whom she had left when she came to her ocean home to live, grew so strong that she resolved to ascend to the land for a short time and visit her former home.

So, one pleasant morning she stepped out of her palace door, and, rising slowly up through the blue water, at last she stood on the shore above.

Pausing for a moment, and gazing half sorrowfully on the familiar spot, she hastened away in quest of her dear sisters.

She had gone but a short distance when she saw coming towards her the one she wished most of all to see — her sister Love. Peace hurried forward to meet her, and clasped her in her arms.

“O Love!” she cried, joyfully; “I have missed you so much, and it makes me so happy to see you! But,” she added, hastily, “why do you look so sad? What has happened to grieve you?”

“Dear Peace,” answered the fairy, “my eyes are tired at the sight of the suffering and wretchedness about me, and my heart aches for the sorrows I have so little power to heal.”

“Leave them, my sister,” said Peace, eagerly, “leave them, and come to my

ocean home to live, where no painful sight or sound ever comes, where we may live forever free from all care and trouble."

But Love slowly and sadly shook her head. "No, Peace," she answered, gently; "my place is here, here among these mortals. I have no right to live for myself alone. Think how much more sad their lot would be should I leave them. And, dear sister," she added, earnestly, "forgive me if I pain you, but it seems to me that your duty lies here, also, among mortals. They need you as much as they need me."

Peace looked thoughtfully down, but made no answer.

Just then there appeared another fairy sister, whom, when she drew near, they recognized as bright-faced little Hope.

"Ah, Hope," they said, looking in her

cheerful face, "how could we live without you! What good errand do you come from now?"

"I have just been trying to comfort a lonely mother," Hope answered, "whose only son is a sailor, and from whom she has heard nothing for many long months. And I think I helped her, too," she said, looking up with her pleasant smile, "for she looked far less sad when I left than when I entered her dwelling. I shall visit her every day, till we have news from the boy."

Peace looked more thoughtful still, and a troubled look came over her face. "You would not think it right, then, to leave her," she asked, "and go far away from all cares and sorrows, where you can almost forget that such things are?"

Hope looked up in surprise. "Leave

her," she said, "leave her when I am all she has to comfort her in her loneliness? Do you think I could be so selfish, so wicked? No; my duty is here, among mortals, to aid and to cheer them all I can, and that duty I shall perform."

Peace bowed her head as she listened, and her eyes filled with tears.

When Hope had finished speaking, she said, in a low tone, "Thank you, my dear sisters, for showing me so plainly what *my* duty is. I will no longer lead the selfish life I have led for so many years. I will take my place again among mortals, and do all in my power to aid you in your efforts to make the world better and happier. Let me visit once more my ocean home, and then I will bid it farewell forever."

WHICH IS BEST?

"If this world were fairy-land, and you could turn into anything you pleased, what would you rather be?" asked Ella.

"Oh," replied Grace. "I would like to be a swallow, and fly round and round all day, and live in a nice barn, where I could smell the sweet, fresh hay. What would you like to be?"

"I would like to be a pretty little squirrel, and live out in the green woods," said Ella. "I would climb up in the trees, and get apples and nuts to eat. And I would run over the walls and fences so swiftly that no dog could catch me."

"Well, squirrels and swallows are pretty little things, but I am glad this world isn't fairy-land," Grace said; "for I believe it is better to be a little girl than to be either a squirrel or a swallow."

ADVERTISEMENTS

—

SHORT STORIES

By ELIZABETH A. TURNER.

18mo. Boards. 128 pages. Fully illustrated.
For introduction, 25 cents.

THIS is a charming little book by Miss Turner, whose readers have been favorably received by the educational public.

"Short Stories" is intended to be used as a supplementary reading book in primary classes using third readers.

Reading books for primary schools should be simple in thought and language, and, at the same time, interesting enough to hold the attention of the children, so that they will be read intelligently and with pleasure.

The aim of these stories is to entertain rather than to instruct, though where a little instruction could easily be given, it has been furnished.

The book is finely illustrated with pictures prepared for this Reader and especially designed to please the little folks.

By the same Author:

PRIMER AND FIRST READER.

Boards. 122 pages. For introduction, 20 cents.

STORIES FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.

Boards. 92 pages. For introduction, 20 cents.

GINN & COMPANY, Publishers,

Boston. New York. Chicago. Atlanta. Dallas.

James Parton, the Historian, called Jane Andrews, the author of these books, "the best teacher in the world."

THE JANE ANDREWS BOOKS

A remarkable series of attractive and interesting books for young people,—written in a clear, easy, and picturesque style. This is the famous Jane Andrews series which has been for many years an old-time favorite with young folks. Other juvenile books come and go, but the Jane Andrews books maintain the irresistible charm they always have had.

THE SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS WHO LIVE ON THE ROUND BALL THAT FLOATS IN THE AIR. 12mo. Cloth. 143 pages. Illustrated. For introduction, 50 cents.

EACH AND ALL; THE SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS PROVE THEIR SISTERHOOD. 12mo. Cloth. Illustrated. 162 pages. For introduction, 50 cents.

THE STORIES MOTHER NATURE TOLD HER CHILDREN. 12mo. Cloth. Illustrated. 161 pages. For introduction, 50 cents.

TEN BOYS WHO LIVED ON THE ROAD FROM LONG AGO TO NOW. 12mo. Cloth. 243 pages. Illustrated. For introduction, 50 cents.

GEOGRAPHICAL PLAYS. 12mo. Cloth. 140 pages. For Introduction, 50 cents.

The "Seven Little Sisters" represent the seven races, and the book shows how people live in the various parts of the world, what their manners and customs are, what the products of each section are and how they are interchanged.

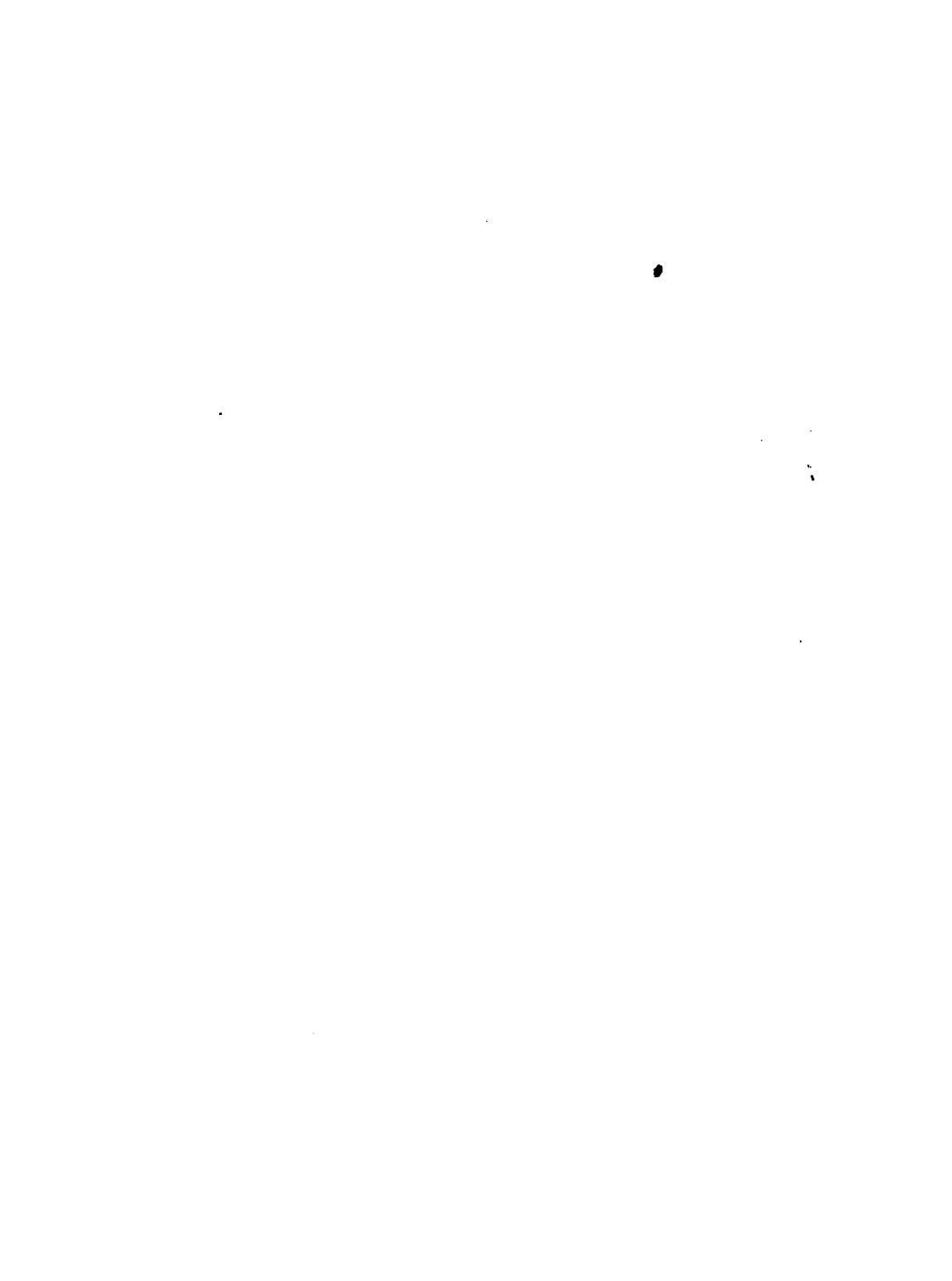
"Each and All" continues the story of Seven Little Sisters, and tells more of the peculiarities of the various races, especially in relation to childhood.

Dame Nature unfolds in "Stories Mother Nature Told" some of her most precious secrets. She tells about the amber, about the dragon-fly and its wonderful history, about water-lilies, how the Indian corn grows, what queer pranks the Frost Giants indulge in, about coral, and starfish, and coal mines, and many other things in which children take delight.

In "Ten Boys" the History of the World is summarized in the stories of Kabla the Aryan boy, Darius the Persian boy, Cleon the Greek boy, Horatius the Roman boy, Wulf the Saxon boy, Gilbert the Knight's page, Roger the English boy, Fuller the Puritan boy, Dawson the Yankee boy, and Frank Wilson the boy of 1885.

In "Ten Boys" one is struck with the peculiar excellence of its style,—clear, easy, graceful, and picturesque,—which a child cannot fail to comprehend, and in which "children of a larger growth" will find an irresistible charm. — John G. Whittier.

GINN & COMPANY, Publishers, Boston, New York, and Chicago.



To avoid fine, this book should be returned on
or before the date last stamped below

10M—9-39

Turner, E.A., 591313

Stories for young children.

591313

Stories for you

DATE

MAY 1963

LIBRARY, DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION, STANFORD

591373

CLASSICS FOR CHILDREN

Choice Literature; Judicious Notes; Large Type;
Firm Binding; Low Prices.

*For the prices and bibliography of these books,
see our High School and College Catalogue.*

Aesop's Fables.	Johnson's Rasselas.
Andersen's Fairy Tales. First Series.	Kingsley's Greek Heroes.
Andersen's Fairy Tales. Second Series.	Kingsley's Water Babies.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.	Lamb's Adventures of
Burt's Stories from Plato.	Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare.
Chesterfield's Letters.	Marcus Aurelius.
Church's Stories of the Old World.	Martineau's Peasant Prince.
Defoe's Robinson Crusoe.	Montgomery's Heroic Plutarch's Lives.
Dickens' Tale of Two Cities.	Ruskin's King of the River.
Cervantes' Don Quixote of La Mancha.	Selections from Ruskin's Scott's Guy Mannering Ivanhoe.
Epictetus.	Lady of the Lake.
Fiske-Irving's Washington and His Country.	Lay of the Land.
Francillon's Gods and Heroes.	Marmion.
Franklin: His Life by Himself.	Old Mortality.
Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.	Quentin Durward.
Grimm's Fairy Tales, Part I.	Rob Roy.
Grimm's Fairy Tales, Part II.	Tales of a Gentleman-Talisman.
Grote and Séjur's Two Great Retreats.	Southey's Life of Nelson.
Hale's Arabian Nights.	Swift's Gulliver's Travels.
Hatim Taf.	White's Natural History.
Hudson and Lamb's Merchant of Venice.	Selborne.
Hughes' Tom Brown at Rugby.	Williams and Foster's Book for Memorizing.
Irving's Alhambra.	Wyss' Swiss Family Robinson.
Irving's Sketch-Book. (Six Selections.)	

GINN & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS

Boston. New York. Chicago. Atlanta. Dallas.